

1988

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Recommended Citation

Subach, Karen. "The Kyria's Tuesday Vigil." *Iowa Journal of Literary Studies* 9 (1988): 72-72.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0743-2747.1269>

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THE KYRIA'S TUESDAY VIGIL

Karen Subach

Kyria Bellisi, bent, horn-handed,
Encroaches, black-clothed, for our sheets.
Eyes our hands: No Gold Bands—
And sighs, sly-browed. What to say? Discreet
Kyria's Greek is Pelopponesian;
Ours, BBC—we can offer her tea.
Mint, she insists. Her forebears, Ephesian.
Won't sit, sips quickly, limps off to the sea,
Orthopedically: her dominion
Where to summon Poseidon unstiffens; charms.
It's what she comes for, bent-winged and pinioned
In aloes, keening toward him. She alarms
Us, unclothed roan squat Kyria out there
Teal-sheeted with him. Bright foam. White wild hair.